This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 126 578 645

TODAY IN THE LAND OF TOMORROW

F1215
M91
1909
SAL

BY JASPER T. MOSES

Ella S. Cowdery,
Geneva, O.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of Mexico.

TODAY IN —THE— LAND OF TOMORROW

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN MEXICO.

By JASPER T. MOSES,

PRESIDENT
THE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE
MONTERREY, MEXICO.

Published by
The Christian Woman's Board of Missions,
Indianapolis, Indiana

COPYRIGHT 1907,
BY THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.
Second Edition (Revised), June, 1909.

To My Mother

Who has ever been my greatest inspiration and help, and to

Thomas M. Westrup

Pioneer Missionary to Mexico, always a kindly friend and wise counsellor, this little volume is affectionately dedicated.

CONTENTS

FOREWORD ix

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS xi

Chapter I—THE RISE OF A NATION 1

Chapter II—THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE 11

Chapter III—MEN AND MANNERS 19

Chapter IV—FAMILY LIFE 29

Chapter V—STREET SCENES 37

Chapter VI—EDUCATION 49

Chapter VII—CITIES 59

Chapter VIII—FEASTS AND SKULLS 67

Chapter IX—PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN MEXICO 79

Chapter X—THE WORK OF THE DISCIPLES IN MEXICO 91

BIBLIOGRAPHY 112

FOREWORD

THOUGH some have called Mexico the "land of the *mañana*" (to-morrow), in a half joking way, because of the leisurely habits of her people, the writer had no such thought when christening this little volume. Mexico is full of promise not yet realized, of aspirations only half felt. Great as is her present, the future, *the to-morrow,* has far greater things in store.

We have tried to put in words a few of our impressions of Mexico and of her people. We have not consulted encyclopedias nor histories in preparing what is herein set down. Should the reader wish statistics or mere data of any special kind, he is free to do this. He may be further assisted by the brief bibliography at the close of the book.

If a foreigner who had lived in New England some three years, had visited a week in New York and Washington and had seen Chicago, should attempt to generalize on American traits and institutions, he would be somewhat in the position of the present writer. Yet many Europeans have written volumes on a much shorter acquaintance with America and still survive. If the things that have impressed us in northeastern Mexico are not equally true more than a thousand miles to the south, remember that it is a far cry from Boston to

Butte, and that some marriage customs in Salt Lake City are not looked upon with favor as far west as Buffalo.

The picturesque and historic features of old Mexico that have been described by so many tourist authors have not been dwelt upon at length. We have tried to show the Mexican people as they are and to give some idea of their struggles and aspirations, of their daily life and of the forces that are so rapidly changing Mexico's *to-day* and ushering in her brighter *to-morrow*.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

General Porfirio Diaz.....Frontispiece
Religious Procession in a Mexican Village, Page 5
Military Parade in Mexico City..... 8
Returning from Market on Canal..... 13
Studies in Peon Architecture..... 16
Mountain Scenery at Monterrey..... 21
Plaza and Street Cars, Monterrey..... 26
Peons Working in a Trench..... 31
Entertaining an American Visitor..... 31
Mexican Ox Carts..... 31
Public Washing Place, Monterrey..... 36
Patio of a Mexican Home..... 39
Market Bridge at Monterrey..... 42
Cargadores Resting Beside Their Burdens... 42
Street Market Scene..... 45
Public Letter Writer and Curbstone Group. 45
On the Doorstep of a Humble Home..... 51
Public Buildings in Mexico City..... 54
Professor Andres Osuna..... 57
Class in Presbyterian College, Coyoacan... 57
Street Scenes in Mexico City..... 61
Picturesque Mexican Cities..... 64
Market Stall—A Generous Assortment.... 69
Monterrey Cathedral..... 74

HANGING OF JUDAS ON HOLY WEEK..... 74
A MEXICAN CEMETERY..... 74
METHODIST CHURCH AND SCHOOL, PACHUCA.... 81
A FAMILY OF MEXICAN PROTESTANTS..... 81
GROUP OF MISSION BUILDINGS IN MEXICO CITY.. 84
SCHOOL BUILDING AND PLAYGROUND, CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE 87
MAP OF NORTHEASTERN MEXICO..... 90
T. M. WESTRUP AND FAMILY..... 95
EVANGELIST JIMENEZ AND FAMILY.....100
A VILLAGE OUTSTATION.....100
SOME MEXICAN PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.....103

Today in the Land of Tomorrow

I

THE RISE OF A NATION

MEXICO is a land of contrasts and of surprises, of deserts and of gardens, of hovels and of palaces. With the oldest civilization on our continent, her renascence of enlightenment and of advancement has been the most recent and withal the most remarkable. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when that part of North America now occupied by our great Anglo-Saxon commonwealth was a howling wilderness, peopled only by savages, there were cities in Mexico to which had been transplanted much of Latin civilization, where already schools and hospitals were established and where great churches and cathedrals that were to outlast the centuries were in course of erection.

Whence then the difference between the communities founded by our Puritan fathers and those of the Spanish *conquistadores*? Was not the civilization of Spain, influenced as it was by contact with the Moors and other foreigners, equal to that of Elizabethan England? We know that in the Europe of that day the influence of Spain, the glamour of her power and her riches, outshone that of the little island kingdom. Was not the roman-

tic adventurer, Cortez, who subdued whole nations by his victorious sword, capturing vast treasures and enslaving thousands of luckless aborigines, a far greater figure than that other soldier, the stalwart but prosaic Puritan, Miles Standish, whose greatest battles were at best mere skirmishes with the Indians, and who even engaged another man to do his love-making?

The difference lies in the motives for the establishment of these two colonies as well as in the characters of the men who founded them. The Puritans came to establish a state where God might be worshiped in freedom of conscience and where equal rights for all might prevail. The Spaniards sought wealth and power, the means to gratify their selfish desires. Secondarily they came to establish a system of religious bondage under which Europe had groaned for centuries, whose logical outcome was the Inquisition, with all its bloody horrors and the even worse deadening of the moral and spiritual faculties of the people that must ever come where a system of dead works and of meaningless penances takes the place of a heartfelt faith in a living and personal Christ. The best men of England came to make their homes in the new world. They brought their families with them. As soon as their modest cabins had been built, with their own hands they erected the church and the schoolhouse. The leaders of the Spanish colony came only for a few years or until they could amass enough wealth from the slave labor of the natives

or from their plundering expeditions to return and lead a life of luxury in Spain. While John Eliot toiled long years to learn the Indian tongue and to translate the Bible, the Spaniards baptized the natives by the thousand, giving them the choice of Rome or of death. For them the Bible was an unknown book and their worship a meaningless adoration of the glittering images of the Virgin and of the saints. Most of them continued to worship their former idols in secret or to adore images in Romish shrines that were merely old Aztec idols rechristened and newly garbed.

With such a foundation laid, is it any wonder that the builders of the Mexican nation have had a difficult task? We sometimes think that our noble Washington struggled against great odds in the achievement of American independence. His task was not a tithe so difficult as that heroicly begun by Hidalgo and after so many years of struggle completed by the inflexible Juarez. The American colonies had always enjoyed a large measure of liberty. Their citizens were self-reliant, vigorous, ready to act. Even the clergy were in sympathy with the revolution. Men of wealth like Robert Morris lent their aid and great statesmen that were the wonder and admiration of Europe represented our cause abroad and guided affairs at home. France was our ally, and we had a navy that was no mean factor throughout the struggle.

Mexico had none of these advantages. Like a pall over the whole land lay the influence of the

church and clergy, ever fully enlisted on the side of tyranny and the constant foe of the republic through all the years, even now quiescent only because of necessity. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the church owned nearly half of the real and personal property of Mexico. The Catholic Bank in the City of Mexico was the financial institution of the country. Without its sanction and aid no large enterprise could be put through. Every town of any size had its monastery or nunnery with great adjoining estates that were free of taxation and whose occupants literally lived off of the people. The clergy were not only exempt from taxation, but they levied tithes on all of the laity. They were not subject to the ordinary civil courts, but must be tried before their own tribunals, where of course they usually went free. A large part of the people were tenants of the church, and strict conformity with the existing state of affairs was one of the prices of their existence. The Inquisition was still in full sway, and any person suspected of liberal sentiments, either political or religious, was haled before one of its secret tribunals, perhaps never to be heard of again.

September 16th, 1810, is the date in Mexican history that corresponds to our Fourth of July. Then the patriot priest, Hidalgo, summoned his parishioners by the furious ringing of the church bell at midnight in the little village of Dolores. They formed the nucleus of an army or rather a

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE.

disorganized mob, sometimes estimated at 100,000 men, who drawn by the eloquence of the venerable patriot, enlisted under the banner of independence. The important cities of Guanajuato and Guadalajara were captured with much bloodshed. But the attempt to take the City of Mexico failed as Hidalgo was defeated by the army sent against him by the Viceroy. This defeat was due largely to desertions and to the falling off of popular support on account of the decrees of excommunication that had been launched against him by the Church. He was later captured and after being degraded from his priestly office by the Inquisition, was shot and beheaded.

In 1821 Mexico finally succeeded in throwing off the Spanish yoke; but with the aid of the clerical party, Iturbide, the successful general, was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico and Roman Catholicism was recognized as the only religion to be tolerated in the land. Other revolutionary generals soon proclaimed a republic and the empire lasted less than a year. Then followed a series of revolutions in which the notorious Santa Ana played a leading part, keeping the country in an almost continuous turmoil until the latter fifties when Juarez came into prominence with his program of religious liberty and for the secularization of church property that was not actually in use for religious purposes. This Law of Reform, called for by the constitution of 1857, was proclaimed in 1859, but was not enforced until 1861, when Juarez

finally succeeded in conquering the clerical troops and entering the Capitol.

The Church party, eager for revenge upon Juarez and the republic, intrigued with Napoleon and other European monarchs for an intervention and the establishment of a "Catholic empire" in Mexico. The unfortunate Maximilian and Carlotta reached Mexico in June, 1864. They were welcomed with frantic joy by the clergy and *Te Deums* were sung in all the cathedrals. With the aid of French troops Juarez was driven into exile and a court modeled after those of Europe was established with full ceremony and regal splendor. But the dream of an American empire was short-lived. As soon as the United States had concluded its great internal strife, France was notified that we regarded with disfavor the presence of her army in Mexico. Napoleon was not slow to take the hint, and the young Mexican empire was left to shift for itself. No sooner had the French troops embarked than Juarez entered the northern part of the country gathering an army and carrying all before him as he went south toward the City. Poor Carlotta who had been in Europe the summer before vainly pleading with the Pope and with Napoleon to do something to save her husband's kingdom, was now a maniac in her Austrian home. Maximilian and his generals with the main part of their army were captured in Queretaro on the 15th of May, 1867. As an unmistakable lesson and a warning to the clericals and monarchists of

A MILITARY PARADE IN MEXICO CITY.

both Mexico and Europe, the royal prisoner was shot on the morning of June 19th, 1867.

President Juarez and General Diaz entered the City of Mexico in the following month. The liberal Constitution of 1857 was once more proclaimed. Since this re-establishment of the republic, the progress of the country has been rapid. In 1871 and in 1876 there were brief revolutions over the presidential succession. Since the second election to the presidency of General Porfirio Diaz in 1884, the peace of the country has been undisturbed and its development unbroken. In President Diaz are blended most of the qualities needed for a successful executive in a land like Mexico. What a Mexican writer calls "the restless, inconstant character of our race" requires a different sort of government from that enjoyed by the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon with his centuries of common law developed by and for the people governed. The more volatile Latin temper needs a stronger central government and an omnipresent authority that will preserve and maintain order. This is exactly what General Diaz is furnishing for Mexico. It is what the country requires, and her present prosperous condition pleads eloquently for its maintenance.

II

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

ALTHOUGH geographically in the tropics, the majority of the Mexican people live in a temperate climate. The high central plateau is the seat of the greatest density of population. Less than ten per cent. of Mexico's fifteen millions live in the hot belt along the sea coasts. The country is shaped like a great cornucopia, with its mouth toward the north. The greatest length is about nineteen hundred miles, from the upper corner of Lower California to the furthest limit of Yucatan. While the boundary line with the United States is about twelve hundred miles long, the greatest actual width of the country is not over nine hundred miles, and at the Isthmus of Tehauntepec it narrows down to about one hundred miles.

The Mexican people are of very mixed blood. The Indian strain predominates, modified by an admixture of Spanish and other European races. The upper class including most of the wealth and aristocracy is nearly white, while the lower classes are of almost pure Indian stock. There are exceptions to both of these classifications. Some of Mexico's ablest men, including the great Juarez, have

been of Indian ancestry; but the distinction holds good in a general way. There is far more of contrast and a wider gulf between these classes in Mexico than that which separates rich and poor or educated and ignorant in our own land. There is not however, any feeling of race hatred as between whites and blacks in the United States, though the difference in civilization is often more marked. The Mexican peons in many instances are lower in the social scale than are our southern negroes.

Mexican society is very different from ours. Among the old families who are descended from the grandees of colonial or imperial days there is little of lavish entertaining or display. Great balls or elaborate dinners are almost unknown. Family calls, numerous because everyone who is anybody is related to everyone else, the evening promenade on the plaza to the accompaniment of one of the innumerable and delightful military bands, frequent carriage drives on some handsome boulevard and a box at the bull fight on Sunday afternoon, form the extent of the social round. Intercourse between young people of opposite sex is very limited. They are never allowed together alone and do not appear together in public under ordinary circumstances. After marriage they become acquainted. It is the accepted thing in Mexico for a young man to "sow his wild oats" before settling down to the calm of domestic life. It seems to be expected of him and he usually does his best to live up to the requirement. Mrs.

RETURNING FROM MARKET ON CANAL, NEAR MEXICO CITY.

Grundy is even more lenient with the men and correspondingly stricter in her views of womanly propriety than with us. This applies, be it remembered, to the upper circles.

With the peon class there was formerly great laxity in regard to the marriage relation, due chiefly to the expense of the religious wedding ceremony. They were taught by the priests that the civil marriage was of no avail, was in fact no marriage at all. The prices demanded for the religious ceremony by the priests were so outrageous as to be almost past belief. It was no uncommon thing for a poor laborer to be charged several months' wages for this rite, and the same system of extortion prevailed for the other offices of the church. The growth of general education, the influence of Protestantism and the efforts of the civil authorities have done much to improve these conditions, though they are still far from ideal.

The Mexican of wealth and social standing is oftener than not a cosmopolite. He has spent more than one season in Paris and has seen the great cities of Europe and of America. If he was not himself educated abroad, he is very likely sending his sons to college in Europe or the United States. His views of matters social, political and religious are what he delights to call "liberal," though at heart he is apt to be conservative enough on certain questions. For a half century the brightest men of Mexico have been students of the

French school of so-called free thought, perhaps because this seemed to offer the greatest contrast and the readiest relief from the system of religious bigotry and dogmatism that dominated the country so long. The typical Mexican gentleman of this class boasts of his liberality of mind and quotes Voltaire familiarly, but in nine cases out of ten, he has never even seen a Bible and knows nothing of the teachings of Jesus except through the misrepresentations of priest or skeptic. He seems to have no settled religious convictions, though he is willing to admit that in a general way Christianity is a very good thing; but it is not an affair that he cares to bother himself about. Let the women and children go to church, oh yes, to be sure, but he is a man and above all such puerile matters.

Except for two or three feast days when it is the fashionable thing to go to church, the great cathedrals are almost empty of worshipers. Those who go are the peons and a few women of the better class, and these are often outnumbered by the tourists. These women, ever the easiest dupes of priestly flattery and insinuation, and the poor, ignorant Indians, held by the fear of purgatory and bound by gross superstitions that we cannot comprehend, are the chief reliance of Romanism in Mexico.

While the better classes live and dress after the usual European standards, the peons move and have their being in an entirely different manner. Their homes, if so they may be called, are usually

Studies in Peon Architecture and Domestic Economy.

built of canes tied or twisted together and thatched with grass. Often they are not tall enough for a man to stand up in. There is no chimney, the smoke of the fire used for cooking escaping through the open work of the walls and roof. The humblest hut is often gay with vines and flowers which contrast strangely with the surrounding squalor and add a touch of aspiration after the beautiful that is pathetic because of its hopelessness. The family rolls about on the ground outside the door when not sleeping or cooking. The first question that usually occurs to the visitor is one of wonder as to how they can all get inside the little hut at the same time. Here they sleep together, huddled as close as they can lie on the dirt floor, usually without removing the scanty clothing worn during the day. It is no wonder that children multiply under such conditions and that the question of their paternity is not always easy to decide. One of the greatest demonstrations of the power of the simple Gospel of Christ is that it can lift men and women from such surroundings as these and can make them strong, clean-lived servants of the Most High.

Protestantism in Mexico is rapidly becoming a mighty factor in the developing of a middle class, something that the land has never known before. Through the mission schools and through the strong moral training of the pastors and teachers, thousands have been elevated from the grass hut stage to become the heads of Christian families,

living decently, engaged in honorable pursuits and looking forward to something higher than a mere animal existence. No nation in the world's history that was governed exclusively by an aristocracy or by an ignorant mob has survived. A sane, right-thinking middle class is the hope of any nation. This is what Protestantism and general education are building up today in Mexico. These two forces go hand in hand and must do so, for each is the complement of the other. It is equally certain that in every land where Rome is dominant ignorance and vice prevail.

III

MEN AND MANNERS

ONE of the delightful features of life in Mexico is the unfailing courtesy to be met with on every hand. The poorest peon raises his hat in greeting his equally ragged *amigo*. No one is too busy or in too great a hurry to grant a trifling favor, such as a word of direction or the loan of a match, and to do it with the air of a cavalier. Be he millionaire or peon, the Mexican gentleman steps from the narrow sidewalk to allow a lady to pass, yielding the place of honor next the wall. Life in Mexico is full of little politenesses and ceremonies to which the average American is foreign. When one enters a room full of people, whether strangers or friends, each must be greeted with a handshake and a word of inquiry after the health of the person addressed and his family. Equally ceremonious should be the leavetaking if the proprieties are not to be violated. This extends even to offices and places of business. It is correct form to shake hands and chat a while with the clerk who waits upon you in the drygoods store or the grocery. His feelings may be hurt if you do not. If your servant's children come to the house they are apt to be ushered

in and ceremoniously presented to all the family, and they gravely go through the formula of inquiring as to the health of each and again shaking hands on leaving, though their stay may not have exceeded five minutes.

If two old friends who have not seen each other for a few weeks meet on the highway, the scene is affecting indeed. They run towards each other with arms outstretched and embrace frantically, kissing first on one cheek, then on the other, and patting each other on the back. The first time you see grown men of venerable appearance going through this emotional greeting, you rub your eyes and wonder where you are; but it soon becomes an old story. In some parts of the country it is the custom among the rural folk to embrace all comers, even strangers who are introduced for the first time.

The average Mexican has never been taught to value time so highly as it is rated on the other side of the Rio Grande. Many an American has come to Mexico thinking he could do business upon the same terms and in the rapid manner in which it is conducted in the States, to return a sadder and wiser man. What Kipling said about "hustling the east" applies with equal truth to the difficulty of making things move in southern latitudes. Business is done on long credit, and the retailer expects a percentage of profit that would make an American storekeeper's eyes bulge. It was formerly the custom with all retailers to ask

Sadule Mountain.

Mitre Mountain.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY AT MONTERREY.

twice what a thing was worth or what they expected to get for it. If the buyer was wise, he beat down the price, each descent drawing forth voluble protests. This has been discarded in the larger stores, where prices are plainly marked and are generally adhered to; but in the smaller shops and usually in the markets the older system prevails.

As in some European countries, all Mexican shops and stores are named. Some of the titles are romantic, others commonplace. A corner grocery is "The Anklet of Gold," another "The Garden of Eden." Dry goods stores are named after foreign cities—"The Port of Marseilles" or of Hamburg, or "The City of Jerusalem," the last perhaps as a delicate concession to the owner's nationality.

Except in two or three of the largest cities, all business is suspended from midday until three o'clock for the *siesta*. This does not apply to factories and the like, but all offices and stores enjoy this respite from labor. They partly make up for it by remaining open until eight in the evening.

The men of certain nationalities have largely pre-empted special trades in Mexico. The French control the drygoods business. The grocers, bankers and pawnbrokers are usually Spaniards. The drug and hardware trades are in the hands of the Germans. Americans operate most of the mines, smelters and railways. Mexican stores are monotonously alike in one particular. A long counter stretches across the front, shutting the clerks off from the customers. The former usually

smoke cigarettes, varying the program by discarding one that is burnt out to hunt and light a fresh one. If the clerk happens to be in conversation with a friend when you enter, it is the custom for you to wait patiently until he is quite through and has concluded all his numerous adieux. Then he will delve back to unknown and hidden recesses behind the counter to produce what he thinks you ought to have. There need be no hurry about making the selection for you both have all day to devote to the matter. If another friend comes in, your clerk will stop waiting on you and will let you rest for fifteen minutes or until the friend sees fit to depart.

Mexican officials, even the custom house men, are uniformly polite and attentive. They are especially long-suffering with American tourists who insist on shouting at them in a foreign tongue and sometimes in swearing because they do not understand it. The American tourist in Mexico is often a poor representative of his native land. Like the region "east of Suez," he too often regards Mexico as a place in which to cut loose from the restraints of home and make an exhibition of himself. The Sunday bull-fight, for which we criticize the Mexicans so severely, is largely sustained by his patronage. The best Mexicans are tired of this relic of barbarity and it would likely fail from lack of patronage in some places were it not for the morbidly curious Americans. These same tourists swagger about the streets laughing

loudly at all they see, even entering private houses to gratify their curiosity. Their attitude is that of having paid their admission to see the show and of being bound to get their money's worth. It is small wonder that many Mexicans have a low opinion of their neighbors to the north.

The great social center in a Mexican town is the plaza. This is usually in the middle of the town and on it front the cathedral, the *palacio municipal* and probably the leading hotel. There the local band gives evening concerts usually twice a week, but always on Sunday evenings. Hither come all the maids and matrons and the young men. The ladies, either in groups or accompanied by their male relatives, promenade on one side of the broad walk that surrounds the bandstand and the young men walk in the opposite direction on the other side. Often this is the only opportunity that Mexican sweethearts have of seeing each other, and many a rapturous glance is exchanged as the adored one is passed in the crowd. It is even said that notes are slipped from hand to hand under cover of the confusion. Plaza night in almost any Mexican city will bring out many beautiful and well-gowned young women guarded by their watchful mammas, who are usually inclined toward stoutness and rustle in black silk and laces. There is generally a separate walk for the peons inside the heavy shrubbery of the plaza where they are out of sight of the main social whirl. They enjoy the music quite as much as their more sophisticated

compatriots and have just as good a time in their own way. They seem satisfied to be by themselves, not appearing to resent the separation to which they have always been accustomed. They ride in second or third class railway coaches for which they pay a fare considerably less than that demanded from first class passengers, and in some cities even have second class street cars and a reduction of fare.

Speaking of street cars calls to mind the little mule propelled vehicles that so long graced the streets of most Mexican cities, but which are now rapidly disappearing before the triumphant advance of the trolley. Open cars with six seats accommodating four passengers each, were drawn by two little mules hitched tandem. The driver urged them forward with many a crack of his long whip and a continual hissing sound like that made by an angry gander. The car would dawdle along for a mile until just before a curve was reached when the driver lashed his steeds frantically, making the turn with such a rush as almost to upset the car, then to relapse into the same gentle and placid motion. The car was always stopped by winding the brake suddenly, an operation that pulled the mules up on their haunches; but they endured it with that patient resignation for which their race is famous. How polite the conductor was! He would wait for you to walk (not run) a block or more so that you need not tarry for the next car, whose time of arrival was

PLAZA AND STREET CARS, MONTERREY.

problematic. He would assist ladies from the car, carry their market baskets to the door, and bid them farewell with a sweeping bow and wave of his cap.

The real Mexican does not pose for the kodaking tourist. He does not affect a big sugar-loaf hat nor tight trousers and a sash. Those men who are the bone and sinew of the nation rank in intelligence and in culture with the men of affairs of any race. There is little more reason for calling the peon the typical Mexican than for setting the negro or the Indian up to represent the citizenship of the United States. The writer or the artist who is seeking the unusual and the interesting naturally siezes upon the more picturesque part of Mexico's population. So we see or read little of the substantial citizens of our neighbor republic.

In some ways, the American people are very provincial. They are slow to believe that any other race is really endowed with sufficient wisdom to go in out of the rain. The air of superiority assumed by many Americans who go to Mexico is positively ridiculous. Should a Briton or a German stare about on the streets of an American town, commenting freely and contemptuously upon the appearance of things in general and of the inhabitants in particular, some indignant Yankee would probably knock him down. The verdict of the jury would be, "served him right." Yet we expect the Mexicans to stand for this attitude without the slightest resentment.

The "guide-book Spanish" occasionally over-

heard among a party of American tourists must convulse the Mexican bystanders. Mexicans appreciate a joke as well as anybody; but their native politeness keeps them from laughing at the wildest errors of the foreigner. In the States, the broken English of the freshly arrived German or Swede is the sport of the town. In addressing audiences in Spanish, the writer has felt himself committing ridiculous blunders, but not a listener would show even the faintest smile. Later, they might repeat it among themselves as a good joke, and enjoy it hugely; but never to the mortification of the one making the error.

IV

FAMILY LIFE

THERE IS ALWAYS room for one more in a Mexican family. No matter how many little mouths there are to fill, the latest comer seems as welcome as was the earliest. This is true of all classes, rich and poor alike. A peon hut eight by ten may house a family of truly patriarchal proportions. There are apt to be three generations represented and the last is by no means the least. The babies roll about in the sunshine and in the dirt clad in the well-fitting garb designed by Mother Nature, or in some cases of unusual prosperity, wearing an abbreviated shirt. Mexican babies while they are bran new are so much fairer than their parents or than their little brothers and sisters who have taken a few years of sun and dirt baths, that the uninitiated tourist often imagines that he has discovered a child of European or of American parentage.

In one end of the cane hut or in a smaller separate shed, the mother of the household presides over a stick fire built between a couple of large stones upon which is laid a piece of sheet iron.

Here are baked the *tortillas,* the staff of life in Mexico. These are made of corn-meal and water, flattened out between the hands to the size and shape of a pancake, and baked on the rude, improvised hearth just described. The other staple dishes are *frijoles* and goat meat, though the latter is rather too much of a luxury for every day consumption. *Frijoles* are strong, dark beans, not in the least resembling the Boston variety. They are boiled for hours and finally scrambled with quantities of lard, all the cooking being done in *cazuelas,* earthen pots of marvelous cheapness and convenience. The meal is eaten with the family sprawled on the ground within easy reach of the pot of *frijoles.* No knives or forks are there and the only spoon is the large wooden affair that was used to stir the cooking mess. Nor is there any need for plates. What care they for microbes of which they have never heard? Each takes a *tortilla* in hand, deftly folds it and dips an end into the bowl of *frijoles,* removing a sufficient quantity for a good sized mouthful. Great is the *tortilla*! It is not only bread, but knife, fork, spoon and chinaware to the million. Other dishes common to all classes are *tamales, chile con carne and enchiladas.* The first two are rather well known in the States, and the *enchiladas* consist of a filling of chopped meat and onions rolled in a *tortilla* and fried. Coffee is the universal drink, and is cheaper and of a better quality than ours.

The Mexican of high or low degree smokes

1. Peons Working in a Trench. 2. Entertaining an American Visitor.
3. Mexican Ox Carts.

everywhere and at all times. The habit is almost as common among women as with the men, though ladies of the better class do not indulge publicly. It is common to see grandmother, mother and daughter passing a cornshuck cigarette from mouth to mouth, taking alternate puffs in evident enjoyment. The children learn to smoke almost as soon as they acquire the art of walking.

The gambling evil is all too prevalent in Mexico. Games of chance from the *rouge et noir* in the casino, patronized by fashionable men and women in evening dress, where fortunes are made and lost, down to the dirty little roulette wheel where a penny may be staked, prey constantly upon the welfare of the country. Strange to say, the feast days of the church are characterized by the greatest activity in gambling. In front of the cathedrals and close to the most sacred shrines in Mexico gambling booths are to be found by the dozen on all high days. The holier the celebration the more prevalent is this evil and its accompanying vice of drunkenness. The police and the priests have the same busy days. As in most Latin countries, cock fighting is a favorite pastime, and many a villager will risk his whole fortune in backing his favorite bird.

It is not much wonder that the Mexican regards gambling with complacency since it has existed in his land for centuries and with the highest sanction. Lotteries are a favorite means of raising money for church buildings, and often the

purchaser of each ticket is granted an indulgence beside the "chance" of winning a grand cash prize. An oil painting of the Saviour was recently raffled off for the benefit of a Monterrey church. Another church in this city was built largely from the proceeds of bull fights held on land controlled by the bishop. A "raffle of souls" is an annual institution in some churches. The winner of the lucky number has the right to name some deceased friend whose soul will be released from purgatory through the intercession of the priest.

The drink evil seems on the increase. Formerly the consumption of cheap native wines was bad enough; but these at least were reasonably free from adulteration and their sale was not pushed by "modern business methods." Now the American distillers and the German brewers have invaded poor Mexico. Glaring saloons have taken the place of the former obscure *cantinas*, and the landscape glows with the praise of Blank's whiskey. Monterrey beer, made in an immense plant employing nearly a thousand men, floods the land. The German promoters of this enterprise boast that they are doing "missionary work" in weaning the Mexicans from their native beverages to a taste for good old lager. The bishop of Monterrey evidently took this view of the matter, as he attended the dedication of the brewery some years ago and favored it with his episcopal benediction.

The peon is as improvident as the proverbial grasshopper. Formerly his wages were from

twenty-five to fifty cents a day in Mexican silver. Now he commands more than twice the latter figure in many places. But the better wages he gets, the less time he wishes to work and the harder he is to manage. This does not apply to the industrious artisans of the middle class, many of whom are thrifty to a degree. But the bulk of the unskilled labor of Mexico is performed by men who are the veriest children mentally, and whose only thought is for the moment's enjoyment. With two or three dollars in pocket, the peon will lay off for a few days' spree or lose it all unconcernedly at a whirl of the roulette wheel. Then he will go back to work until he gets a dollar or two ahead. Most factories and mines that use peon labor keep on their books from two to three times the number actually needed. They consider themselves fortunate if out of this they can maintain a sufficient daily working force. Some of these concerns shut down for three or four days after each monthly pay day, as they have learned from experience that their men will not return to work until they have drunk or gambled away their last *centavo.*

The Mexican man of affairs, the professional man, mill owner, or great *hacendado,* is abreast of the times and is growing richer yearly. On the streets of any Mexican city you will see prosperous looking, well-dressed men differing scarce a whit in general appearance from the average American capitalist. Formerly he had a European or Ameri-

can foreman in charge of his factory or his mine, but now his son has returned from completing his technical education abroad and is running things after the latest methods. There is the young man now with the Harvard walk and the 'varsity clothing. He has already organized a baseball team in his town. The Sundays that the boys spend in this healthful outdoor sport are surely better put in than formerly, when cock fighting or gambling were the chief available diversions.

PUBLIC WASHING PLACE IN MONTERREY.

V

STREET SCENES

THE AVERAGE Mexican town presents extreme diversity of scene and also much of monotonous sameness. There are streets where every house is the exact architectural counterpart of its neighbors, the only relief being that some are painted sky blue, others pink and still others are adorned with checks or with plaids that would make glad the heart of a Highlander. Each house is as severely plain and box-like as a cube, except that it carries a heavy cornice, or, in lieu of the real thing, an imitation one painted along the sky line. Every window is securely barred with iron. The doors of the older houses are strong enough to withstand a siege with battering rams. They usually have a smaller entrance for ordinary use cut in the middle of great valves that give ample space for the passage of a load of hay. And this is exactly what goes through them sometimes, for a Mexican house includes within the same walls both dwelling and barn. Everything comes and goes by the great front door for there is no other opening on the street, and alleys are unknown in Mexico. In the front hall of that fine house across the way is the owner's automobile awaiting his con-

venience. Step lively as you pass this other house for the coachman is bringing out the victoria and a prancing pair of high-steppers that have probably seen the New York horse show.

In the evening, when the great front doors are ajar, many a glimpse can be caught in passing of beautiful courtyards or *patios*. We lay out our yards and gardens around the house, but the well-to-do Mexican builds his house about his yard. Once within the street door, absolute privacy is his. No prying neighbor can spy upon his doings. If he wishes to lounge in his shirt sleeves minus a collar, no passerby need know it. The house is built in a hollow square, each side consisting of a row of rooms all opening on a broad interior *corredor*. This is usually furnished with comfortable chairs, tables and hammocks. Beyond the broad arches of the *corredor* is the *patio* with its delightful greenery of palms and other tropical plants and often with a fountain playing in the center. At the rear and well isolated from the rest of the house are the stables and servants' quarters. The house is built for the centuries. The walls are of stone, often plastered outside, and at least two feet thick. The flat roof is of earth and cement laid over heavy beams, and is designed to keep out the intense heat of the sun's rays as well as to shed water. All foreign attempts to improve upon this style of architecture in the warmer districts of Mexico have proved abortive. An American frame cottage in this climate is a veritable oven.

PATIO OF A MEXICAN HOME.

The thick walls and roof and the deep shaded *corredores* of the native house fit the need exactly.

In the older cities in the interior of Mexico, there are beautiful streets solidly built up with the homes of the wealthy, and presenting an appearance of culture and prosperity that would do credit to any city in the world. Monterrey and northern Mexico have not yet achieved this, though there is much wealth there and no scarcity of palatial homes. But on the same street, within a stone's throw, are the wretched shacks of the poorest of the poor, huddled together wherever a vacant space can be found—squatters living off the tolerance of the landowners. It is common for a prosperous merchant to have his store or warehouse and his dwelling in the same building on one of the busiest streets of a large city. Sometimes the family apartments are upstairs, but often they are on the further side of the *patio*. For luxury of living few surpass the great *hacendados*. On the railway from San Luis to Mexico are some of their ranches that resemble feudal castles, which they really were less than one hundred years ago. One of these estates had at that time thirty thousand laborers and furnished a whole regiment, drilled, armed and equipped for the field to aid in suppressing one of the earlier revolutions. The *hacendado* has at his call a host of servants. He may even have a French cook. He has his own physician, his electric plant, water works, private tramway to the railroad station and other conven-

iences too numerous to mention. He maintains a house in the capital, and when the season there palls upon his taste, establishes himself and family for a winter in Paris or in Madrid.

The greatest of the fortunes and estates are hereditary. While mining, stock raising, the growing of cotton, cane, coffee and other products have brought wealth to many, some of the greatest fortunes in Mexico have been made in the cultivation of *maguey*. This is a cactus of which our century plant is a dwarfed fac-simile. From the juice of the *maguey* an intoxicating drink, *pulque,* is produced after a few hours of fermentation. This is the great national beverage among the lower classes. It is only mildly alcoholic, but the odor is sickening. The back streets of Mexico City are lined with *pulque* shops where drinks are sold for a cent or two. That they are liberally patronized the odor of the breath as well as the degenerate faces of the consumers bear eloquent testimony.

A Mexican market never fails to show something of interest to the tourist or to the observer of human nature. Here the Indian type predominates, men and women of good physique, inured to exposure in all weathers, of erect carriage developed by centuries of bearing burdens on the head. Faces honest, stolid, crafty or bleared by drink bend over the stalls that contain a little of everything and often not much of anything. Observe how the vegetables are laid out in little mounds. For three cents you may carry away that hand-

MARKET BRIDGE AT MONTERREY.

CARGADORES RESTING BESIDE THEIR BURDENS.

full of shelled peas that is marked out so carefully. For a like amount that quarter of a pumpkin or half of this large beet is yours. Most of the trading is in three, six or twelve *centavo* lots. The latter sum represents six cents in our money. The purchases are never more than for the day, often only for the next meal. Fantastic pottery, bananas, baskets, long green peppers, gay colored blankets, pineapples, striped hosiery, eggs, silver mounted saddles, chickens, calico prints, oranges, tinware, images of the saints and queer shaped fruits at whose names you can only guess, are jumbled together in hopeless confusion. The odor of garlic and the perfume of great masses of freshly cut La France roses blend with a dozen other smells, some of which are best nameless. The confused din of myriad voices, bargaining, passing the time of day, scolding or entreating assails the ear.

Let us step out into the street for a moment. Here we see men in leather aprons bearing brass tags on their breasts springing up out of the ground and racing like mad to reach another man who is clapping his hands. He is calling a *cargador,* or public porter, to carry home his heavy market basket. The tag on his apron is a city license number. You may feel perfectly safe in sending the man on any errand if you take his number, for he knows that if he is reported to the authorities for delinquency it will go hard with him. Your *cargador* will carry a heavy trunk on

his head for a mile, running at a kind of dog trot. With three or four companions he will transport your piano in the same manner. They balance it on their shoulder packs and trot along, keeping perfect step.

Across the street is a curbstone group that may well claim our attention for a moment. The man in the center writing so carefully on his lap-board is a public letter writer or *evangelista,* and his duties are important. When you remember that three-fourths of Mexico's fifteen millions, comprising most of her Indian population, can neither read nor write, you begin to realize what a field there must be for this man's enterprise. He has acquired such skill in the composition of love missives that many a youth or maiden simply states the circumstances and gives him *carte blanche.* What possibilities for a man of romantic temperament! He will not only write your letter but will also read the reply, so he is a man of weight and of responsibility in the circle to which he ministers. Next to the *padre* he it is who is best posted on the affairs of the humble folk. Here is a field for some enterprising American—to engage a dozen of these men, hire some centrally located room and open a "Correspondence Parlor" with a phonograph going in front during the day time and a blinking electric light sign at night. Each of the writers engaged should be a specialist in his particular line. A little row of booths, one for the manufacturer of "disdainful

STREET MARKET SCENE.

PUBLIC LETTER WRITER AND CURBSTONE GROUP.

replies," another for "proposals," others for "acceptances" and for "rejections," would put the whole matter on a business basis. There are millions in it for the right party.

To descend from the imaginary to the actual, let us investigate that dark, buzzing cloud that hovers further down the street. It hangs about an ill-smelling little shop labelled *carniceria.* Shades of the Beef Trust, it is a meat market! Fighting our way through the flies, which ordinarily are not troublesome in Mexico, we see the meat hanging in ragged strings from a line of hooks. Grime and blood are smeared about in generous profusion. The meat is sold and eaten at once for it has not been refrigerated. It is tough beyond belief. Let us not stay longer, for a breath of fresh air is becoming necessary. Clapping our hands for a coach, we will enter and drive home.

Mexican towns would be quiet indeed were it not for the street venders with their cries. At four a. m. you are roused from peaceful dreams by a roar like that of the famed bulls of Bashan just outside your chamber window. *Pan, pan caliente* is the cry in long-drawn accents. "Who on earth can be wanting bread at such an hour, even if it is hot?" you mutter as you roll over for another nap. But again comes the voice of the disturber. This time it is a vender of the fresh juice of the sugar cane or of the *maguey. Agua miel, agua miel de maguey,* is the refrain. Then comes a succession of everything im-

aginable that may cater to the Mexican taste. Hardest of all to get used to are the peddlers of fresh kid meat. The poor little animals are tied in bunches by the legs with their heads hanging down. As the man goes along, they utter the most pitiful cries, for all the world like the wailing of a baby. He does not need to cry his wares. They do this for him. Whenever a purchaser is met, the kid is killed and skinned on the doorstep, and the dealer goes on carrying one more bloody pelt and one less kid.

VI

EDUCATION

IF ANY country in the civilized world just emerging from centuries of chaos, plundered and ground down by foreign officials and prelates, with almost a century of bloody and incessant revolution further to devastate her fields and cities, has made better progress in recent years than has Mexico, we have yet to hear of it. We should be careful how we judge our sister republic. While frankly admitting conditions as they are have not reached the high plane which we enjoy after centuries of liberty and uninterrupted progress, let us give Mexico full credit for her brave struggle toward the light.

Mexico has had schools, even universities, so called, for three and a half centuries. But only in the last fifty years has there been an attempt at general education. Under the rule of Spain and of Rome, the masses were kept in abject ignorance. The few schools that existed were for the priestly class and the aristocracy. The Jesuits and other orders maintained colleges in splendid cloistered monasteries, adorned with every art of the sculptor and the painter. But their attitude toward real learning and toward usefulness to the nation is

well illustrated in the burning of all the ancient Aztec scriptures and historical books that could be gathered together, on the alleged ground that they were "heathen writings," thus depriving us of these priceless records of an ancient civilization. Of course, there were occasional parochial schools, even under the old regime, but then, even more than now, these were chiefly concerned with teaching the catechism and the lives of the saints, and with inculcating a perverted view of republican institutions.

Practically every one of the score or more of states in the Mexican federation now has a compulsory education law. In a few of them this is strictly enforced, at least in the larger towns. But there are yet many communities where the school accommodations are by no means equal to the population of school age. This is no discredit to the authorities, for they are doing all that can well be done with the means at hand. A more conscientious set of men than the Mexican school officials would be hard to find. Some of them have been trained in Europe or in the United States, and they are usually men with ideals aimed high and wills set to reach them.

The common school course in Mexico lasts six years. An attempt is made to cover more ground, or at least to touch upon more branches, than with us in this time. Some scientific subjects that we leave for the high school are given in the fifth and sixth years, usually without much laboratory work,

ON THE DOORSTEP OF A HUMBLE HOME.

as few schools are equipped for this. The school term covers ten or eleven months in the cities and the day's sessions are longer than ours. Instead of allowing all of Saturday as a holiday, two afternoons, Wednesday and Saturday, are given. Formerly studying aloud and reciting in chorus was the prevailing method of class work. A school house could be heard a block away. Now the government schools in the more progressive states have done away with this, but it still persists in many little private and parochial schools.

Discipline in a Mexican school seems to be on a different basis than with us. There is less of rule, of uniformity and of system, more of freedom to move about, and little effort at keeping silence. The relation between pupil and teacher is marked by great courtesy on both sides. A handshake and a word of greeting in the morning are seldom overlooked, no matter how small the scholar. The whole class lines up on the sidewalk after they have filed out in the evening and bids the teacher a respectful farewell, the boys raising their caps as if to the manner born. When a visitor enters the school room the class rises instantly and remains standing until spoken to. They repeat this when you leave the room. Mexican children are unusually sensitive to praise or to criticism. At the least word of reproof many a boy even will burst into tears. They have never been schooled to self-repression as have Anglo-Saxon youngsters. In the public schools and in most private institutions

the sexes are kept separate. In Monterrey this applies even to the state normal school. There are adjoining buildings exactly alike, one for *profesores* and the other for *profesoras.* Wages have advanced so rapidly in all of the trades and professions except that of teaching that the spacious buildings just mentioned are now almost empty of students.

English is taught in most of the secondary schools of Mexico as well as in the business colleges, generally by Mexican instructors. The pupils gain about as ready a knowledge of the tongue of Shakespeare as our American boys and girls do of conversational Latin. There is a great demand in Mexico for good English teaching, and some of the mission schools are profiting by this.

After the six years of common school work, the Mexican youth may elect the four-year normal course, or he may choose the civil college, if he expects to enter a profession. If his ambitions are not thus high, his education stops unless one of the numerous business colleges claims his attention for a few months. The civil college has a course that may be completed in four or five years; but grants no degree. The graduate is then eligible for one of the professional schools, several of which are in the national capital. Schools of law and of medicine are to be found in other of the leading Mexican cities. Mexico is the great student center of the land. There are schools of medicine, both homeopathic and allopathic, splendid schools of

SCHOOL OF MINES.

CORRIDOR IN POSTOFFICE.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN MEXICO CITY.

mines and of engineering, a college of agriculture, a military school, national academies of music and of fine arts, a national astronomical observatory and other like institutions, in this great and historic center of the nation's life.

Not a few of those who are taking the lead in solving Mexico's educational problems are Christian men, reared in Protestant homes and schools. Professor Andres Osuna, Director of Education in the State of Coahuila and President of the State Normal School, was at one time a minister in the Southern Methodist Church, and is still an active Christian worker. His energy, tact and patience have won him universal respect and admiration from Catholics and Protestants alike. Another younger man, a member of one of the oldest Baptist families of Mexico, Professor Joel Rocha, is Superintendent of the Monterrey schools and Assistant Director of Education for the State. Protestantism has contributed many others, perhaps equally prominent, to the list of Mexico's educators.

Mexico's present degree of progress has been obtained only through the blood and sweat of a host of self-sacrificing, consecrated heroes. While we are awe-struck at the matchless devotion of Hidalgo, the father of Mexican liberty, and yield our homage to the stalwart courage of Juarez as alone he fought entrenched greed and bigotry and in the face of public opinion proclaimed religious liberty and the downfall of the temporal power of the

clergy, and as we see what the firm, guiding hand of Diaz has wrought for his native land, let us not forget the far more numerous but less conspicuous band that has done perhaps as much for Mexico. The humble school teachers that in each community have been centers of light and of advancement deserve a nation's recognition, and shall at least claim a word from us. Without their work, these other greater achievements, as the world counts such things, would have failed utterly. Think what it meant to many of these young men, educated, equipped for a life of success in business or in the professions that would have brought infinitely more of financial gain, of ease and of public recognition. But all this was given up for the routine of the school room. The chance for private riches was refused in order that the nation might have a better opportunity to prosper. The petty persecution of bigoted haters of the newer order was patiently endured so that truth might work out her perfect fruit in the lives of coming generations. These are the real makers of Modern Mexico.

PROFESSOR ANDRES OSUNA.
Director of Public Education, State of Coahuila.

CLASS IN PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE AT COYOACAN.

VII

CITIES

AS IN the ancient world all roads led to Rome, so in Mexico the capital is the great center of national life. For many decades no effort nor expense has been spared to make this a city to which every Mexican may point with pride. Its splendid public buildings, some of which are still in course of erection and others are as yet only projected, reveal the interest that the nation takes in the dignity of its government. The beautiful parks and broad, clean, well-lighted avenues put many an American city to shame, as does the excellent street railway and interurban service.

The main business streets of the City of Mexico are built up solidly with massive three and four story blocks. Here and there persists a house of a century or two ago, still in good condition. The old courtyard, once the scene of gay social life, is piled high with packing boxes. Trucks and vans go in and out of the great doorway that was the former entrance for carriages of state. Some of these older structures are covered with beautiful tiling brought from Europe and laid on in exquisite designs. There are a few steel frame office buildings, but none of these are over five or six stories

high. The jagged skyline of our American cities does not appeal to the Mexican temperament.

The finest houses of modern build are in *colonias,* suburbs that are organized as distinct corporations with strict regulations as to the class of buildings to be erected and their occupancy. Here are to be found veritable palaces. Further out on the interurban lines are homes with spacious grounds that contain some of the finest flower gardens in America. The city is in a perfectly flat plain except for the abrupt hill of Chapultepec which is crowned by the residence of the President of the Republic. The altitude is about eight thousand feet. Consequently it is never uncomfortably warm. The location several hundred miles south of the Tropic of Cancer keeps it free from extreme cold also. There is scarcely a month of the year that light wraps are not in demand for early morning and for evening wear. The rainfall is abundant.

Everywhere are to be seen churches or the remains of churches and monasteries. When the latter were confiscated by the government most of the properties were sold to private individuals. Consequently many business houses are in the lower stories of buildings whose tiled domes and carved facades reveal unmistakably former ecclesiastical usage. At least two of these structures in the City are now used by Protestant churches. The Presbyterian Church of *El Divino Salvador* and the great Methodist property at Gante No. 5 are old

STREET SCENES IN MEXICO CITY.

Romanist structures located in the heart of the city. Most of these relics of the constructive art of the monastic orders, monuments of which they may well be proud, have fallen to less worthy uses. Tobacco shops and saloons glare forth from beneath many a gilded dome that once echoed to Latin chants and glowed with countless candles. In one town of Mexico an old church is used as a railway station, and the freight scales occupy the former place of the high altar. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Few cities of four hundred thousand population boast better or more enterprising daily papers than are found both in Spanish and in English in Mexico City. A goodly number of illustrated reviews, literary, scientific and religious weeklies and monthlies are published in the Mexican capital, where the first printing press in America was set up in 1535. Beside the great number of institutions for higher education that have been referred to, the system of elementary schools serves as a model for the whole country. Many of these buildings are used also as night schools for the laboring classes.

No American city is more addicted to the automobile habit than is the Mexican capital. Autos are considerably more expensive there, too, on account of the long freight haul and the high tariff. One has to step lively in crossing any of the main thoroughfares because the benzine buggies are not only numerous, but their drivers are unus-

ually reckless. If there is a speed ordinance it must be very liberal. The combination of automobiles and ox carts, which are still used extensively for heavy hauling, is only typical of the contrast that one meets with on every hand in a land whose progress is of so recent and rapid a growth.

Not a few tourists as well as those who have spent years in Mexico affirm that Guadalajara is a more attractive place of residence than Mexico City. This second city of the land is located two or three hundred miles northwest from the capital. It is an ancient city, famous for the wealth and culture of its leading families and for the beauty of its daughters. The climate is mild, though warmer than that of Mexico. The Pacific is not far distant. The churches, theaters and hospitals of Guadalajara are among the finest in the Republic. Puebla and San Luis Potosi are great cities of the central plateau region that are seats of wealth and ancient culture. None of these are boom towns. Their growth has been steady and conservative. While not so modern and pretentious as the capital, they are solidly built up, clean, except in the slums, and with most of the improvements and luxuries of modern city life.

Next in order of population comes Monterrey, the metropolis of northern Mexico, the chief manufacturing city and one of the great railroad centers of the republic. The railroads made Monterrey, and now with her great ten million dollar steel plant

QUERETARO.

GUADALAJARA.

she helps make the railroads. Two large smelters are here that refine the output from hundreds of mines, converting trainloads of red clay and rocks into gold, silver and lead bars. Flour mills, cotton mills, tanneries, foundries, railroad shops, a brewery and many great wholesale houses, attracted by Monterrey's advantageous situation as a distributing point, contribute to the city's activity. The city is belted by a rim of factories whose chimneys ever darken the horizon. These are far enough from the main business and residence districts that atmospheric conditions seldom resemble those of Pittsburg, to which city Monterrey is sometimes compared.

Monterrey is in a valley closely surrounded by beautiful mountains. It is only twelve hours' ride by fast train southwest from San Antonio. The rainfall is too irregular to be depended on for any kind of gardening, but irrigation from the mountain streams has produced many fine *quintas* in the western part of the city. Most of the town is barren and dusty except for an occasional *patio* that is kept well watered. There are several fine plazas in the business center that afford grateful shade and whose green trees and blooming plants relieve the eye, blinded by dust and by the cruel glare of the sunlight. Unlike all the other cities of its size in Mexico, Monterrey has not sufficient elevation to furnish any relief from the long tropical summer. The winters are mild and delightful

except in the rare event of a Texas norther venting its almost exhausted energies.

Monterrey presents most of the crudities incident to a city of rapid growth at the intermediate stage of development. Here and there are signs of metropolitan aspirations. Almost equally prominent are some things more characteristic of the middle ages than of a modern city of any pretentions. Now in the year of grace 1907, an electric street railway, sewers and a water works system are all being installed. The work is being done simultaneously by a Canadian company. When these are finished and the streets are repaved it is only fair to presume that the city will take on a greatly improved aspect.

VIII

FEASTS AND SKULLS

NOWHERE is the coldness and despair of a religion that recognizes Christ only as a helpless babe in his mother's arms or as a dead figure nailed to a conventionalized cross better shown than in the funeral and burial customs among the poor of Mexico. There seems to be no gleam of the resurrection hope. Purgatorial darkness enshrouds the scene.

When death approaches, the priest is summoned to administer the last rites of the Church. For this office, as for all others, a fee is usually demanded in advance. If this is not forthcoming the poor may die unshriven for all that the *padre* cares. A leading civil engineer of Monterrey says that as a child his first shock of awakening to the real character of the clergy was caused by the refusal of the village priest to attend the bedside of his dying grandfather unless ten dollars were sent in advance and a coach put at his disposal. The family was not so poor but that they would have paid the priest a fee, but they were so indignant at this answer to their call for spiritual consolation, that the old grandfather was allowed to die in peace. That there are good priests, who try conscien-

tiously to look after the welfare of their parishes, no one would deny. But of the hundreds of priests to be seen in various parts of Mexico, few are encountered whose faces are kindly or even intelligent in aspect. Many of them show unmistakable marks of greed and of dissipation.

Burial takes place within twenty-four hours, according to law. Lace curtains are often hung outside of the doors and windows of a house that contains a corpse. If the family is too poor to buy a coffin, one is rented for the occasion. As soon as the body has been dumped into the shallow grave, the undertaker returns it to his shop for the use of the next customer. Among the very poor a formal funeral is seldom held for a small child. A rough box painted blue with white trimmings is carried to the cemetery on the head of some member of the family. Sometimes the mother goes to the carpenter shop for the little casket and carries it home on the street car wrapped in her shawl.

Tramway funerals are common among the middle and upper classes. The street railway company has funeral cars of varying degrees of elegance and expense. The funeral of a rich man will call out a string of special cars several blocks long, and all who wish may get a free ride to the cemetery. Mexicans are not the only people who indulge in this form of display, and we offer no criticism upon the practice.

Graves in a Mexican cemetery are usually rent-

MARKET STALL—A GENEROUS ASSORTMENT.

ed for five years at a time unless the family has a lot. If the lease is not renewed at the end of the term, the bones are dug up, tossed on the fertilizer heap, and the hole is ready for another tenant. It is not at all uncommon to see human bones lying about in the loose soil. In some places the skulls that have been unearthed are set in numbered niches along the wall. Black wooden crosses, rude and grim, rise from the head of every grave. Not only are they seen in the burying places; but every spot where a man has been murdered or killed by accident is marked by a pile of stones and a cross. These are especially noticeable along the railroads. Sometimes a good sized group of them at the side of the track will make you devoutly hope that your engineer has a steady nerve and is running on correct orders.

Railway accidents are not so common in Mexico as in some lands that consider themselves more highly civilized. Should one occur, the train crew is immediately arrested. If the matter is not cleared at the preliminary hearing, they are thrust in jail. Under the Latin law, the accused is not given the benefit of the doubt, as with us. He must prove his innocence. As a result, engineers and conductors are very careful in Mexico and the running time of the trains is slower than in the States.

Mexico is a land of holidays, both civil and religious. Often all banks are closed two or three days at a time, causing great inconvenience to foreigners who may want to transact business in a hurry.

It never bothers a native, for he adjusts all of his affairs to suit the customs of the land. The average peon would consider himself eternally disgraced if he stooped so low as to labor on one of these festival seasons. If he does not celebrate the birthday of his patron saint by getting gloriously drunk as soon as possible after attending morning mass and gambling away all of his cash and as much of his wardrobe as is not indispensible, he is no true man —he is becoming tainted with foreign notions and is to be viewed with suspicion. If he is paid off Saturday evening, his Sunday spree is of so pyrotechnic a nature that he is unable to report for work before Tuesday noon or Wednesday morning. Consequently, some employers pay off on Monday, thus trying to shield their employes from the temptations of the "Sabbath."

One of the most picturesque of Mexico's Church festivals is that which commemorates the sanctioning of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin by the last Vatican council. This is celebrated by the display of lanterns in every window of the homes of the faithful and by the outlining of the towers and gables of the great churches in the glowing light of hundreds of lamps. *Purisima Day,* as this is called, comes early in December.

The Christmas season is celebrated by *posadas* in the homes of many. These are little pantomimes representing the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem and their difficulty in securing lodgings,

which is the meaning of the word, *posada.* A procession carries figures of Mary and Joseph, the former upon an ass which is led by her husband. They journey about the court of the house, stopping at various rooms, which represent different inns, pleading to be taken in, but meeting with denial until the last room is reached. Here the porter, after arguing the matter a while, grants grudging entrance. At the close, *dulces,* or sweetmeats are distributed among the guests. Sometimes the visit of the wise men or other scenes of the nativity are acted out in the churches and attract great crowds, but these exhibitions are becoming rarer each year.

Probably the most bizarre of the customs that persist from the olden time is the hanging of Judas on Holy Week. Holy Thursday and Good Friday are given to grewsome pantomimes of the events of the trial and crucifixion as well as the entombment. These are mostly acted out with wax figures, though often men are dressed in oriental garb to represent the scribes and Pharisees. Judas is disposed of by lynch law on Saturday morning. It seems the traditional duty of each Mexican baker to provide an image of the arch traitor to be suspended in front of his shop. The figure is grotesque in the extreme, with long horns, cloven hoofs and a pointed tail. Sometimes there is a whole family of Judases—pa, ma and the children—all to suffer alike. The figures are stuffed with fireworks and each is provided with a fuse.

Alas for the commercial spirit of the age! Some

of the Judases that so cheerfully expiated the age-long crime of their ancestor, in the streets of Monterrey in the present year of grace, bore on their backs the advertisements of the enterprising donors. One was even adorned with a string of lemons, though the decorator probably knew little of current American slang, when he handed this fruit to poor Judas.

At a signal peal of bells from the cathedral tower, the fuses are touched all over the city. There is a sputter, a crackling sound as of many bunches of small firecrackers, and finally a mighty boom that scatters the remains of the villain, and the bread and cakes with which he had been carefully stuffed, far and wide over the heads of the multitude. Then ensues a wild scramble among the assembled small boys for relics of the occasion. This ends the career of J. Iscariot until the next Easter time.

There are not wanting authorities who solemnly aver that on the feast day of St. John the Baptist the peons take their annual bath. Appearances often seem to confirm this report, but it seems scarcely credible, for public bathing places are numerous and surprisingly cheap in most Mexican towns. On the day that commemorates the Last Supper, the bishop of each cathedral town goes through the public ceremony of washing the feet of twelve men selected for their great age and extreme poverty. In some parts, the blessing of the animals on a certain feast day is still in practice. All the live stock in the community—pigs, chickens, burros and

Monterrey Cathedral.

Hanging of Judas on Holy Week.

A MEXICAN CEMETERY.

all—are washed up, decorated with ribbons and brought to the church to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water by the priest.

Beggars are common enough in Mexico at all times. With their hardened, wrinkled faces, picturesque rags and filth, they present a shining mark to the tourist's camera. But on holidays they fairly swarm about the plazas, and one has to run a gauntlet of them to enter any of the leading churches.

Among the quaintest sights in some of the older churches in the interior are the paintings that surround the shrines of the saints. Rude little daubs they are, often ridiculous from an artistic standpoint, but the story of faith which they reveal is pathetic in the extreme. Here is represented a falling wall from beneath which a workman is being extracted by the Virgin of Guadalupe. When he heard the crash, he called on her for deliverance, and was miraculously preserved. All this is set forth in quaint legend below the picture. The name, the place and the date, more than a century ago, are all given—enough to convince the most skeptical. Sometimes a favorite shrine will be surrounded by dozens of these little votive offerings, each quainter and more credulous than the next.

IX

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN MEXICO

THE REAL beginning of Protestant work in Mexico was coincident with the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States. Before that time some seed had been scattered, chiefly by army chaplains during the American invasion; but no permanent work had been done. In 1861, James Hickey, a Baptist clergyman of Irish extraction and of northern views on current topics, suddenly found it convenient to leave Texas by the shortest route. He crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, and in the course of time found himself in the city of Monterrey. He discovered a congenial spirit in Thomas M. Westrup, a young Englishman, who had come to Mexico with other members of his father's family in 1852.

Mr. Westrup knew the language and the people of Mexico, so he became a valuable ally to Mr. Hickey. They preached from house to house, experiencing many difficulties in securing and in holding places of meeting. Finally in January, 1864, the first converts, J. M. and Arcadio Uranga, were immersed by Mr. Hickey, as was also Mr. Westrup, who was formerly a member of the Church of England. The same day a church was

organized with five members and with T. M. Westrup as pastor. This congregation still exists with an active membership of more than two hundred. By the end of 1864, Mr. Westrup had baptized fifteen more members.

In the spring of 1865, Miss Melinda Rankin, who had been conducting a seminary at Brownsville, Texas, came to Monterrey. For some time she had been sending Bibles into Mexico. She came to see if a Bible Society agency for northern Mexico might not be established at this central point. She soon went to New York to report to the society and to arouse interest in opening the work.

In December, 1866, the pioneer, Hickey, died in Matamoros. His last request, that he be buried on American soil, but within sight of Mexico, was granted. His remains lie in the Presbyterian cemetery in Brownsville.

Thomas Westrup was appointed agent for the Bible Society to succeed Mr. Hickey. His labors as a colporteur and as superintendent of native distributors of the Word were long and full of adventure. Often his life was in peril. At other times, his books were taken from him and burned by the priests. Still oftener, persecutions would arouse the interest of the people, and he and his companions would sell out their entire stock in a few hours. Many of the gospel hymns used in the Mexican churches were either written or translated into Spanish by Mr. Westrup.

In 1867, Miss Rankin returned to Monterrey

and purchased a good property there for school purposes. She trained a number of native colporteurs and workers who traveled into the interior of Mexico distributing Bibles and tracts. In 1871, the American and Foreign Christian Union transferred Miss Rankin's work to the Presbyterian Board. Under the joint direction of Mr. Westrup and Miss Rankin, the work in Monterrey had prospered and a number of congregations were organized in outlying towns. Little was said before this time about denominational teachings. The churches were called evangelical, different modes of baptism being used as the case seemed to demand. In 1872, Miss Rankin returned to the States on account of her failing health.

In 1869, Rev. Henry C. Riley was sent to Mexico City by the A. and F. C. U. He had preached to a Spanish congregation in New York, so was familiar with the language. He took the people of Mexico by storm, and the work started promised great results. "The Church of Jesus in Mexico" was organized along Episcopal lines, and several of the confiscated Romanist church buildings were purchased. The brilliant promise of this work was not at that time fulfilled. The people were not educated to the standards of life required by Protestantism, and there was nothing like an adequate mission force to teach them. The churches of this mission were later absorbed by the regular Episcopal mission board, which is doing a valuable work in the capital and in central Mexico. The Episco-

palians also make a specialty of reaching Americans and Englishmen in several of the foreign colonies in the larger cities.

The Presbyterian Board, which had received the Monterrey school work by transfer in 1871, was opening other work in Mexico about this time. Later they sold the plant in Monterrey, as their workers could not stand the climate, removing to the mountain city of Saltillo, sixty miles to the south. This has been their center for work in Northern Mexico. Here they have an excellent normal school for girls as well as an active local congregation. The chief field of Presbyterian work is in the south of Mexico, extending into the peninsula of Yucatan. They have important educational work in the City of Mexico. Their girls' normal school occupies a valuable corner in the heart of the city. The theological seminary in the suburb of Coyoacan promises to be the leading Protestant educational plant in Mexico. It has a campus of several acres, well located, and three splendid new buildings as well as several old ones that will be replaced as rapidly as means are provided. The Presbyterians have been long enough on the field that they are now realizing splendidly on their educational investment in an abundance trained teachers and preachers for the growth heir work.

Dr. William Butler, who was the pioneer of thodism in India, opened the first station of that in Mexico City in 1873. He made the strate-

METHODIST CHURCH AND SCHOOL, PACHUCA.

A FAMILY OF MEXICAN PROTESTANTS.
Good Types of the Middle Class.

gic purchase of a part of the old Franciscan convent in the heart of what is now the modern business section of the Mexican metropolis. Like the Presbyterians, the Methodists built carefully and educated their converts. They have great schools in Puebla and in Pachuca as well as in the capital. Their work covers dozens of towns and villages, in each of which schools are sustained. They maintain an excellent mission press. *El Abogado Cristiano,* "The Christian Advocate," is the name of their weekly paper. It is a credit to the mission, and is better in its appearance and make-up than most of the secular papers of Mexico. The Methodists have 143 churches, 3,000 members and an equal number of probationers and of Sunday School scholars. They have 4,000 day school pupils. Last year they gave $50,000 in gold for self-support. Their educational policy differs from that of the Presbyterians, in that they make their courses and terms popular, appealing to pupils from Romanist families as well as from among their membership. Thus their schools are sometimes on a self-sustaining basis and have large enrollments. The Presbyterians, disregarding the financial receipts, take pupils only from among their churches, and make their school life and work strongly evangelical. They expect all of their graduates to enter active Christian work.

In the early eighties, the M. E. Church, South, entered Mexico. They have strong stations in Monterrey, Saltillo, Chihuahua, San Luis Potosi, Gua-

dalajara and Mexico City. Their school work is especially successful, being for the most part under the Woman's Board. Bishops and missionary secretaries have visited Mexico during the current year, and several purchases of strategic property have been made. This, and the splendid interest manifested by the Southern Methodist churches, promises well for their work.

The Baptists followed up the work begun by Hickey and Westrup, sending re-enforcements in the early seventies. Their strongest congregation, which is the oldest of any denomination in Mexico, is in Monterrey. They have good work in Toluca, C. P. Diaz, Mexico City and Torreon, besides dozens of smaller points. Their total membership is over 2,000.

The Friends have had work in Mexico for twenty years or more. Matamoros, Victoria and Matehuala are among their strongholds. Schools are at each of these stations. E. M. Sein, a Mexican, now Sunday School secretary for Mexico, is a product of this denomination, and is one of the forceful men of his native land. The Congregationalist center for work is in the west, in the states of Sonora and Chihuahua, and further south, in Guadalajara, a thoroughly equipped mission is maintained. They have 25 congregations, with over 1,100 members. Some independent work has been done in Mexico, and there are missions with which the writer is not acquainted. One or two of the latter are carried on

Christ Church, Episcopal.

M. E. Church, South.

Seven or eight Mission Boards are represented in Mexico City by nearly fifty missionaries. There are more than a dozen Protestant congregations, and more than this number of schools and colleges. Property is held to the value of nearly a million dollars.

Presbyterian Girls' Normal School.

GROUP OF MISSION BUILDINGS, MEXICO CITY.

by European societies. The work of the Disciples of Christ is mentioned in another chapter.

One of the active agencies for the evangelizing of Mexico is the American Bible Society. It was probably the first organization to sustain workers on the field. The pioneering done by their colporteurs often paves the way for the establishment of whole congregations as well as for the conversion of isolated families and individuals. The Rev. Frank Marrs of the Baptist mission, tells that in 1903 he was called from Durango to baptize some believers who had been discovered by a native lay worker. The candidates were members of a family who thirty years before had purchased a Bible from Thomas Westrup, agent for the Society. The book had been treasured as an honored possession. Their conversion resulted from reading and praying over the Gospel story, and they had sent for the native worker to come and preach to them. This furnished the beginning for a good congregation in the little town. The American Tract Society has published many tracts and books in Spanish that have been useful in the propagation of Gospel truth. The Los Angeles, California, Bible House is doing a noble work of love and of faith in the issuing of marked Testaments, Gospels and really vital tracts. So far as possible, these are provided gratuitously.

The Christian Endeavor movement has made good progress in Mexico. Annual conventions are held in connection with those of the Sunday School

Union. These are participated in by the young people of the Epworth League as well. An excellent monthly paper, *El Esforzador Mexicano,* is published. About 225 societies and leagues with over 7,000 members are reported.

Few of the Boards have undertaken medical work in Mexico. The Methodists have an excellent hospital in Guanajuato, with dispensaries and attendant physicians in one or two other places. The Southern Methodist Hospital in Monterrey is a power for good. The daily chapel services held preceding the free clinics attract multitudes of ready listeners to the Gospel story.

The Young Men's Christian Association is thriving in Mexico City, Monterrey and Chihuahua. Mr. Mott has just concluded a campaign for the raising of funds for a great building in the capital. Some of the leading business men and government officials are actively supporting the association work.

There are still many Indian tribes in the mountain fastnesses of central and western Mexico that have been almost untouched by Spanish influence or even by the perverted gospel of Rome. Professor Starr, of Chicago University, and Carl Lumholtz, a well known ethnological writer, have each published interesting volumes about the primitive life of these people. Mr. Lumholtz was trying to test the reasoning power of a Huichol Indian by arguing against the worship of the sun, which prevails among this tribe. The Indian replied, "If Christians pray to the saints that are made by the

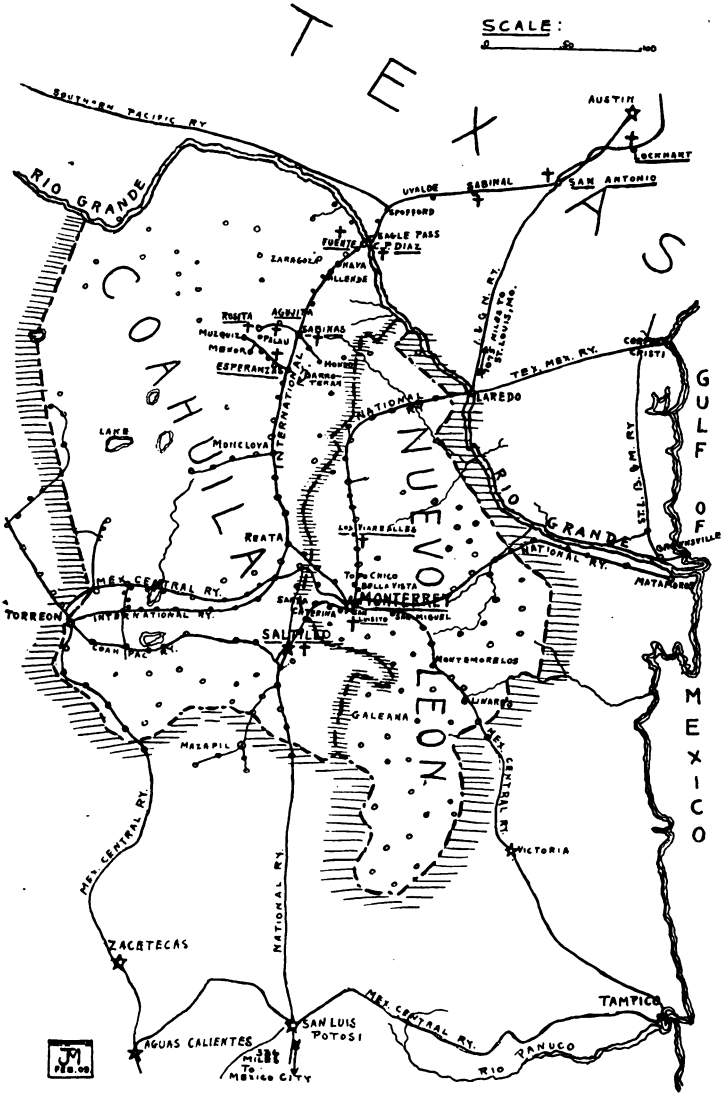
School Building and Play Ground, Christian Institute, Monterrey.

carpenters, why should not the Huichols pray to the sun, which is so much better made?" The Baptists have recently decided to open a mission among these neglected tribes. Funds for this purpose were raised at their last annual convention in San Luis Potosi.

Within the churches that entered Mexico a quarter of a century ago, there is now a generation of men and women trained in Christian homes and educated in the mission schools, who are as strong for Christ and His cause as any class in the home land or elsewhere. The delightful family life and the hospitality of these native Christians must be seen and experienced to be appreciated. There are Christian mothers in Mexico who have raised whole families that have dedicated themselves to the work of spreading the Gospel. Martyrs are not lacking in the Mexican church. Within the decade men have met death for Christ's sake in Mexico. In the pioneer days it was no uncommon thing for the evangelist going from village to village to be stoned and cursed by mobs incited by the priests or to meet with assassination in some lonely spot on his journey. It is estimated that no less than sixty of Mexico's Protestant Christians have thus been faithful unto death.

There are now about 750 Protestant congregations in Mexico. The number of foreign workers is nearly 300. The native workers number over 600. The number of communicants is nearly 30,000. There are over 400 Sunday Schools and 15,-

000 or more scholars. Over 12,000 children are in missionary day schools. The total Protestant community is estimated at over 80,000. The influence of this seeming handful as compared with a population of fifteen million is disproportionately large. It must be remembered that these people are enlightened and a large part of them educated. The graduates from Protestant schools and colleges are taking high rank among the professional men of the land. They are even filling important public offices. This is the leaven that must renew and quicken the great mass now in ignorance, and retarding the right development of Mexico. Here is a chance to be Empire Builders in the best sense of the word, to lend a hand toward the ushering in of Mexico's bright to-morrow.



NORTHEASTERN MEXICO AND THE TEXAS BORDER.

Mission Stations of Christian Woman's Board of Missions Indicated by Crosses.

X

THE WORK OF THE DISCIPLES IN MEXICO

THE LAST of the great Protestant bodies in the United States to open mission work in Mexico was the Christian Church or Disciples of Christ. Aroused by the appeals of some of the leading women of Texas, the Christian Woman's Board of Missions decided at the National Convention in Dallas, to open a station in Juarez, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso. This was done in December, 1895. The first workers were M. L. Hoblet and Miss Bertha Mason.

While good was done in Juarez, and there is a mission there under the supervision of the El Paso church, the principal work was transferred to Monterrey in June, 1897. This proved a wise move, as Monterrey is a city of far more strategic value. Since 1897 its population and its commercial importance have greatly increased. As the chief railway center of northern Mexico, it is a convenient point from which to supervise work in adjoining fields.

Mr. Hoblet is still remembered by many of the Mexicans in Monterrey on account of his excellent command of the Spanish tongue. He did good

work with Bible classes among the college students of the city. He could labor with his hands as well, as some of the furniture still used in the mission bears witness. He returned to the States in 1899. Miss Mason's work was mostly in the school room, yet it was in the homes of the people and in the outstation work that she found greatest joy and success. She remained with the mission until 1902. For several years she served as corresponding secretary and organizer for the Christian Woman's Board of Missions of Texas. In 1908, as Mrs. J. H. Fuller, she returned to the work at Monterrey.

The station in Monterrey has been unfortunate in that none of the American men sent there in the past have been able to remain more than three years, and some of them not more than half this long. At first, before mission property was purchased, the native houses used were often dark, damp and unhealthful. The mission force being small and the work to be done large, no adequate time could be allowed for becoming acclimated and for the study of the language and the people. This led some of the missionaries to overwork and to a consequent breaking of health. Now with mission homes and suitable buildings for the work, either provided or in sight, no one should lose health in Monterrey who will take proper care of his body, keep cheerful and not overwork. Occasional trips should be taken to a cooler climate, as the continual heat is ennervating to those bred in northern latitudes.

From January, 1900, to April, 1901, the station was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Omer. They were succeeded in June, 1901, by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Alderman. Mr. Alderman was a practical school and newspaper man as well as a minister. His policy was vigorous and well directed. Finding that the school with its twenty-five or thirty pupils had little outlook for growth in the cramped quarters it occupied at No. 50 Roble street, and that this location under the shadow of the leading Romanist church of Monterrey was not the best for the mission, he moved the work to a commodious rented house in the newer part of the city, north from the business section.

Here the school grew and thrived until in two years the annual enrollment reached over four hundred. A weekly paper, "The Gospel Call," was published in July, 1901. As rapidly as he could master a little Spanish, articles in this tongue were inserted in the paper. Through the interest of the physicians of the city, aroused by Mr. Alderman, a free clinic was conducted at the mission, and did a great deal of good.

Reading of the position of the Disciples in "The Gospel Call," Thomas M. Westrup, pioneer missionary to Mexico, who for several years had labored independently on account of his disagreement with Baptist views on close communion and other points urged by the radical wing of Southern Baptists, found that he was in practical agreement with

what he read and came to Mr. Alderman to inquire more particularly. He and his wife united with the mission, followed by several of their children. Later, in 1902, Mr. Westrup was employed by the Board as editor and translator. The name of the weekly paper was changed to *La Via de Paz,* "The Way of Peace." It was doubled in size, six pages being devoted to Spanish reading matter and two to English. Numerous tracts and several useful books have been translated into Spanish by Mr Westrup. *La Via de Paz* has since been changed to a twelve-page fortnightly issue, entirely in Spanish. A monthly edition in English and a monthly juvenile and Sunday School paper in Spanish are also published.

The Westrup family and their work and influence have been an important factor in the growth of the Monterrey mission. Probably no foreigner of Anglo-Saxon birth has identified himself more thoroughly with the Mexican people than has T. M. Westrup in his more than half a century of life among them. His wife is a cultured Mexican lady of excellent family, and their children have cast their lot unreservedly with the land of their birth. Enrique Westrup, now pastor of the native church in Monterrey, is a man of force and of eloquence. He has now succeeded his father in the active editorial work on *La Via de Paz.* Miss Bertha, principal of the Mexican department of the Institute, is capable and efficient, a real general in the man-

T. M. WESTRUP AND FAMILY.

agement of children. Her younger sister, Miss Irene, is a born primary teacher.

Another worker who was with the mission at this time and earlier, is Miss Clara Case, who came to Monterrey in 1900. Part of the time she has taught in the school, but more often her work has been that of visiting in the homes, reading the Bible to the sick and those who could not read for themselves, and training some of the young girls of the school to assist in this carrying of the Gospel message into the homes of their people.

In July, 1902, Mr. Alderman recommended the purchase of a lot for a school building at the corner of Isaac Garza and Puebla streets. The lot, 90 by 140, was considered ample at the time. Its purchase was made possible by the generosity of the Texas Auxiliaries.

Mr. Alderman did not live to see the school building that he had hoped to erect. On September 23, 1903, he fell a victim to yellow fever. His untimely death was a great blow to the work. The epidemic crippled the school and mission work; but the former was soon resurrected under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McDaniel, who came in the spring of 1904. It was at this time that the new school building was erected at a cost of over $15,000, gold. The building, 65x110 feet, nearly covered the lot, leaving little space for play-ground for the four hundred pupils. Additional lots to the west were purchased, giving the school a frontage of an entire block on Isaac Garza street with a

depth of 90 feet all the way. On the other corner a house for the president of the Institute was built over a year later. In 1908 property was purchased for the church and school in San Luisito, just across the river from Monterrey.

Mr. and Mrs. McDaniel, like some of their predecessors, did not have good health in Monterrey. They returned to the States in June, 1905. A division of the work was decided upon, owing to the growth of the school and to the need for greater development of the evangelistic side of the mission. Jasper T. Moses, who had been on the field a year as a teacher in the Institute and as one of the editors of *La Via de Paz,* was made head of the school, and S. G. Inman was called to take charge of the local church. In January, 1908, Mr. Inman was transferred to C. P. Diaz to oversee the newly organized frontier district. J. H. Fuller, of Sherman, Texas, succeeded him in the Monterrey pastorate. Others who have served the work as teachers in the school but have left the field are, Misses Lucile Eubank, Mary Robertson, Rena McLaughlin and Vera Wise. Miss Elma C. Irelan, who came in the fall of 1905, is still teaching, as is Mrs. A. G. Alderman, who has remained faithfully with the mission since the death of her husband. Miss Mary I. Orvis was appointed to teach in the school late in 1908.

The native congregation at Monterrey, small in its beginning, has grown steadily in the past few years. It now numbers over two hundred mem-

bers. Half of these were brought in during a revival early in 1907. Considerably over one hundred made public profession of their faith in Christ during the meetings. These lasted for a month with Felipe B. Jimenez as evangelist. Mr. Jimenez and an independent congregation at Saltillo, to which he had been ministering for several years, came into the mission in 1903. Like many others, they were first attracted by the reading of *La Via de Paz.* The church in Saltillo has a membership of twenty-five or thirty.

In 1905, a work that had been started by one of our Mexican ministers from Texas in the mining town of Fuente, was taken in charge by the Board. Here Eligio Camacho ministers to a band of thirty-five or forty. In January, 1909, a new chapel was dedicated here, largely the result of the labor and sacrifice of the Fuente congregation. Felipe Jimenez, now located at Sabinas, in the center of the new coal mining territory of Mexico, has a great field, and is ministering to a number of churches and groups of Christians that form the nucleii for future strong congregations. He is the right man in the right place. His energy and consecration have meant much in the growth of our mission. A good building has been erected at Agujita, one of his preaching points. Other laborers must be put in this field to share the heavy work, if we are to take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered. Several outstations are operated from Monterrey, and others are manned from each of the outlying

churches. The newest and most pressingly needed feature of the work is the education of young men for the ministry, undertaken in connection with the Monterrey school.

The Monterrey church worships in the chapel of the school on the second floor. This is a hindrance to both school and evangelistic work. People confuse the school and the church and are afraid to send their children to the former because they believe that it is a mere proselyting institution. The meetings upstairs are hard to find and do not attract the passers-by that throng the streets. Often better crowds attend the outstations, held in mean little rented rooms, because they can stand about the windows and doors, seeing what is going on without committing themselves by entering. When they learn that the horrible tales they have heard about the worship of the Protestants are not true, they are ready to enter and hear more. A good lot has been secured for church and parsonage, and the latter has been built, but as yet the means for erecting the church building are not forthcoming.

The Disciples have in their Mexican work eleven churches and twenty-one other preaching places. There are 596 church members, 448 Sunday School scholars and 500 day school pupils. During 1908 $2,745 was raised for self-support by the churches and schools. There are three American missionary families and five unmarried women on the field. In addition to these are the native Mexican workers, numbering nine evangelists and twelve teachers.

EVANGELIST JIMENEZ AND FAMILY.

A VILLAGE OUTSTATION.

Mission property is held to the value of over $50,000, gold. The Mexican work in Texas is now under the supervision of our workers of the Frontier Station. Missions are conducted at San Antonio, Lockhart and Sabinal.

The States of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila are open for the message of the Disciples. Of the former State, Monterrey is the capital, though it is equally accessible to Coahuila because of its railway connections. Saltillo, the capital of the latter State, is only sixty miles from Monterrey. There is already a small congregation there. It is an educational center, with probably the best state normal school in the country, a civil college and three Protestant schools for girls. There is a splendid opportunity here for the establishment of a secondary school for young men. We need a mission home here, not only for the workers who should be located in Saltillo, but to serve as a summer resting place for the force at Monterrey. Saltillo with its delightful summer climate, is a recognized resort at this season. Board and rents are high. It would be a means of economy to the work if the missionaries could have a suitable place here to spend their vacations instead of taking long and expensive trips north, which they can ill afford.

Towns are springing up as if by magic all over the coal fields of northern Coahuila. It is here that most of the new stations are being opened and where there is the greatest opportunity for service.

All nations are here. In one mine, over a thousand Japanese are employed. Another uses hundreds of southern negroes. The Mexican miners receive two or three times the wages paid ordinary laborers in Monterrey. Scores of bright American young men work in the offices or direct the operation of the mines. Many of these camps have practically no religious opportunities except the meagre work done by our overburdened evangelists. That this is a new country where we can enter "on the ground floor," makes the opening all the more available. It is a rare thing in an old and conservative land like Mexico to find new communities where the people are bound to no stately church buildings and have comparatively few prejudices to overcome. If the opportunity is not seized at once, it may pass by or be taken by others. The future of the work demands that the Disciples occupy these fields adjacent to our present stronghold. Monterrey was entered that on account of its splendid railway systems it might be used as a center for evangelizing. The work has developed logically. All that remains is to prove our ability to act wisely in the face of this opportunity for advancement. Just as other boards have concentrated in certain States, and have made a definite impression upon them, we can take Coahuila and Nuevo Leon for Christ. The policy of scattering the churches so far apart that they can not keep in touch with each other, and can not be visited regu-

Some Mexican Pupils and Teachers of the Christian Institute, Monterrey.

larly, is poor business policy and is not necessarily good religion.

There can be no better commentary on the value of mission work among the Mexicans than a record of some of the redeemed lives, won to Christ through our work among them. S. G. Inman gives the following from his experiences on the frontier:

"Maximo Zamorano was a miner, living at Mesquite, a little mining town across the river from Sabinas, Coahuila. A few months before we opened our station at Sabinas, F. B. Jimenez and I passed through this section on an evangelistic tour, and stayed in Mesquite only long enough to distribute some tracts and Testaments. Some of these fell into the hands of one of the merchants, who was using them to wrap goods in. Maximo, purchasing an article, had it wrapped in a little piece of 'La Via de Paz,' which, on going home, he began to read. He liked the few words that were on the scrap of paper so well that he sent to Monterrey for a year's subscription, being determined to know more of this teaching, the like of which he had never before heard. A little while afterward, he noticed by his paper that a preacher had been sent to Sabinas. He immediately crossed the river in search of him. The first trip he was not successful. But he went again, and found there Brother Jimenez. He told the preacher about his anxiety to know more of these teachings that he had been reading about, and for two hours they talked together over the things of the Kingdom. Another

engagement was made, and a few days later Maximo returned to Sabinas with his wife and a young man friend, and all three were baptized on the same day.

"This was the beginning of what has been a remarkable work in that district. This man immediately began to talk to his friends about the new life that he had entered. He had always with him his Testament, and at the noon hour would read to his comrades of the mines. In a year's time thirteen of these were baptized as a direct result of his work, and scores of others had heard from him the Gospel story. At the organization of the Sabinas church he was chosen as its only deacon, and although an unlearned man, conducted the meetings when the pastor was away, and, in fact, gave his whole time, outside of his work, to the church. He bought some commentaries, and every week went to Brother Jimenez to get explanations about the Bible. At the first Conference of Workers that we held at Monterrey, he borrowed money to come, and was probably the most interested listener present.

"A little while after the conference he moved to La Rosita. Arriving at Sabinas one day, my heart was chilled by the news, 'Brother Zamorano has been burned in the mines.' It had been four days before. He had stayed down to finish a piece of work, after the other workmen had all left, and the inspector, not knowing it, had shut off the air current, and his torch coming in contact with the gas,

had ignited it, and burned him severely. But he was still alive. We took the first train to Rosita. But it was to find that he had passed away some three hours before.

"He died a glorious death. The weeping company around him had wonderful stories to tell of his faith. He had been true to his work as a missionary even to the last moment of his earthly life. All during the four days that he lay on the bed in such terrible pain, he had spoken to those around him about Christ. His father and mother, who had been most rigidly opposed to his new religion, after these days of sorrow, came to the Jesus who had been so precious to their son. Every one that came into the sick room was impressed with the beauty of the Christian religion. He gave orders that instead of the usual black coffin, his should be painted blue, the color of Heaven, where he was going to meet his Master.

"God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. The work that Maximo Zamorano did is still bearing fruit. He is remembered as a model for the other miners, for the superintendent said that he had never had a more faithful man in his employ. He is remembered by the Christians as a model servant of Christ, for the results of his Bible readings and talks are still seen in the conversions of his friends. To have produced one such life as this is worth much more than all the money and time and anxiety that have been expended in our work on the frontier.

"Probably to more than any one else, the frontier work is due to Felipe B. Jimenez. In his appearance he is one of the finest specimens of manhood you will find among the Mexicans. In him the Indian blood plainly predominates over the Spanish, a fact of which he is very proud (for it is not necessarily true, as many think, that the more Spanish blood a Mexican has in him, the higher class he belongs to). He had practically no schooling when he was a boy, and has learned what he knows about books since he became a man, and studied for himself. When he was nineteen years old, a missionary came to General Cepeda, the town where he was born and raised, and Felipe and some of the other young men, being told by the priest that the missionary was preaching terrible things, went to the meeting with stones in their pockets to knock out the lamps and stone the missionary. But some way or other they couldn't get their consent to do it the first night, and went back the second time, but again without accomplishing their purpose. The third night the preacher talked to Felipe after meeting about accepting Jesus, and a few nights later, when they were singing 'Come, Sinner, Come' to the tune of 'Sweet Bye and Bye,' he walked forward and began the Christian life.

"As soon as his mother heard of it, she said he must leave home. He stayed away from home for several months, not hearing anything from there, but kept on praying for his mother's conversion. Finally he thought he would risk going back to see

how he would be received. As he entered the outskirts of the village, he saw a crowd over by the river, and, going over to see what it was doing, found that his mother was going down into the water to be baptized. Soon after this one of the missionaries, knowing his devotion, asked him if he would go to a little mountain town, shut in from the outside world, and very fanatical, to preach to the people there. His reply was, 'I don't know whether I can or not, but I know I want to.' That was about twenty years ago, and he has been preaching the Gospel ever since with wonderful success. He has suffered much for the Gospel's sake during these years, often having his life threatened, being stoned, cursed, driven from towns by fanatics, like the disciples of early days. Yet he never things of turning back. He had rather be a minister of the Savior than be the President of Mexico. He has had many offers to quit this work for other occupations that would give him more salary, but loyalty is the strongest thing in his character.

"The man that has been in the frontier work next to the longest is Eligio Camacho. He was a grown man before he had learned to read. One day a colporteur came to his town with a Bible, and as he heard the book read, he liked it so well that he bought one and set out to learn to read it. He had no teacher, so he would carry the book around town with him and ask different people he met on the street what the words meant. And thus he learned to read. As soon as he could read the Bible suffi-

ciently to know what it said to do, he wanted to be baptized. The nearest minister was thirty miles away at Torreon. He arose one cold morning at three o'clock and walked to Torreon to see the man that he had heard was a minister of the Gospel and would baptize him. He found the pastor of the Presbyterian church there, and asked him to baptize him. But as the minister would not immerse him, he refused to be sprinkled, returning home with a heavy heart. In a few days he found out from a passing traveler that there was another minister in Torreon who would immerse him, and he walked to the city again, being directed to the house of the Baptist missionary there. But one of the children of this missionary had died a few hours before, and he was busy arranging for the funeral. On seeing the great earnestness of Eligio, however, he told him that if he would come to the meeting the following night, he would immerse him. It is no wonder that a man who began his Christian life with such difficulties has been ready to sacrifice much for it ever since. He and his brother afterward moved to Fuente, where they began talking to the people about Christ, and without knowing anything about our movement, just by their study of the New Testament, formed the church at Fuente, and sent for a minister they heard of about this time to come and baptize the people. And today Fuente is one of our strongest church, and for two years Eligio has been employed as one of our regular evangelists."

One of the most encouraging things about mission work among the Mexicans is the enthusiam and liberality of the new converts. A large part of these are tithers. In March, 1907, one of our Coahuila Christians sent a money order for one hundred dollars (silver), to the mission treasury as his tithing money for several months. This he had rigorously set aside from his precarious income as a traveling herb doctor. Many others have been proportionally generous. If the Disciples of Christ in the United States gave with the same liberality as do their Mexican brethren, the income for all of our enterprises would soon be doubled and trebled.

The door is open in Mexico. Men and women are waiting to accept the Gospel as soon as it is presented clearly and reasonably. The people are conservative at first and want to be shown unmistakably that the message is true. Then they become enthusiasts for Christ, and are eager to bring others to Him. Their zeal needs to be trained and kept directed along wise channels, or it may fan itself out. Here the work of an educated native ministry is doubly important. We dare not go forward in any large way until we are prepared to conserve the fruits of the work, until a company of men is trained as pastors and teachers as well as for the evangelizing of Mexico.

Bibliography

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A FEW OF THE BEST RECENT WORKS ON MEXICO

A White Umbrella in Mexico, by F. Hopkinson Smith, Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, 1889. A delightfully written book in Mr. Smith's best vein of humor and of fancy.

From Empire to Republic, by A. H. Noll. A fair historical text-book written by a professor in one of the southern colleges. Has maps, portraits and an index. McClurg, Chicago, 1903.

The Maker of Modern Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. John Lane Co., New York. Elaborately illustrated, covers in a general way the history of modern Mexico as well as the life of President Diaz.

Unknown Mexico, by Carl Lumholtz, (2 volumes, profusely illustrated). Scribner's, New York. An interesting account of life and customs among the little known Indian tribes of the mountain fastnesses of Mexico.

Mexico, Our Next Door Neighbor, by Rev. Francis Borton, D. D. A well printed and illustrated pamphlet of some fifty pages that bristles with facts like a campaign handbook. Price, ten cents at the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

Latin America, by the late Dr. Hubert Brown, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Mexico City, deals with conditions in Central and South America as well as in Mexico. Romanism and Spanish oppression have marred all of these lands in much the same way, so that the general statements made are specifically true of Mexico. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. Price, $1.20 net.

Campbell's Guide and Descriptive Book of Mexico is a gem among guide books. It is well bound, printed and illustrated. It contains much that will claim the attention of the reader who is interested in Mexico, whether or not he expects to visit the country. The book contains 350 pages with excellent maps. It may be obtained by addressing Reau Campbell at Chicago, or The Sonora News Co., at Laredo, Texas. Price, $1.50.

Mexico Coming Into Light, by Rev. John W. Butler, D. D. This little book by the head of the Methodist mission in Mexico is a thoughtful study of the nation's history and growth. It is of pocket size and attractively bound, but not illustrated. The price at any branch of the Methodist Book Concern is fifty cents.

The Mexico Series of Leaflets, published by the Presbyterian Press, 4th Ave. Humboldt, No. 1323, Mexico City, Mexico, comprises eight or ten leaflets of uniform size and perforated at the back so that they can be bound. They are illustrated, and are well written by various missionaries. Some

of them show a familiar side to the work not easily obtainable. The price is not stated, but fifteen cents in stamps sent to the above address would doubtless bring the whole series.

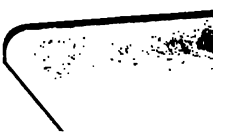
Twenty Years Among the Mexicans, by Melinda Rankin, Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis, 1875, is a record of Miss Rankin's very interesting personal experiences and of her opinions, rather than a description of Mexico or its people.

Mexico, Written for Young People, by Jasper T. Moses, describes the mission work of the Disciples of Christ in Mexico, especially in Monterrey. This booklet of 48 pages is profusely illustrated. Price, fifteen cents. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, Missionary Training School, Indianapolis, Ind.

Two periodicals in English, *Mexico,* published quarterly by Mrs. J. P. Hauser, Apartado 1291, Mexico City, and *La Via de Paz,* monthly, by The Christian Mission, Apartado 236, Monterrey, Mexico, have the same subscription price of twenty-five cents a year.

The Mexican Herald is the leading English daily of Mexico. It is published in the City of Mexico.

Modern Mexico, edited in the City of Mexico, but published in New York, is a monthly magazine of especial interest to miners and investors. It contains many good literary features and illustrations. The annual subscription price is one dollar.

DATE DUE			

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004